

THE

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MARCH.

ἐνθα βουλαι μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμιλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

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Table of Contents.

1. THE INSPIRATION OF A CAUSE.—FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY JOHN B. WARDLAW, JR., '78, GA.,	319
2. THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.—Poetry,	327
3. MEMORY,	328
4. INCOMPLETENESS.—Poetry,	334
5. DIRGE.—Poetry,	334
6. VOICE OF THE STUDENTS,	335
COMMENCEMENT.	
A SUGGESTION.	
FRAUD IN EXAMINATIONS.	
7. EDITORIAL.	341
8. OLLA-PODRIDA,	347

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

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No. 7.

THE INSPIRATION OF A CAUSE.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY JOHN B. WARDLAW, JR., '78, GA.

When one is so far come to realize the meaning of living as seriously to ask himself the question, "What shall I do with my life, what is the best direction that I can give to my efforts?" he straightway enters into a sharp conflict between right and wrong, between principle and passion. The two classes that make up society deal with this question in two ways. The negative and weak, shrinking from the earnest study and the straightforward obedience to conviction that are needed, halt, stammer, and beat about in puny indecision until they die, poor weaklings, with but a vague comprehension of what life means. The positive and strong, meeting the issue fairly, look to an end, count the cost, and decide upon some definite plan of life. Upon this decision a vast deal depends, for it determines success or failure to the individual. This leads without delay to the proposition that I shall try to establish in this discussion. It is this:

Devotion to a cause gives to one's life its highest possibilities, and works out its best results.

Let us see what are the conditions of such a life. Its chief characteristic is unselfishness. It demands that self be subordinated to principle; that desire for mere distinction be ennobled into desire for good; that the littleness of individual ambition be uplifted to the greatness of a cause. It demands, too, that this enlargement of principle be joined to a corresponding height and breadth of action. It finds exponents, not in the Epicureans, but in the great workers of the world. It is not subjective, but it is grandly objective. It is conspicuously illustrated in a Socrates by whose mind it reasoned, in a Shakspeare from whose soul it sang; in a Miller whom it sent down among the hidden things of the earth to find and to preach the truths of Geology, in a Herschel whom it sent up among the stars to read there Astronomy's book of revelation; in a Paul by whose faith it was taught, in a Luther by whose work it was proved.

Such a life as this is no cheap one. Like all that is valuable, it costs: costs effort, costs sacrifice. But, objects self, it requires too much of me. Does it not demand that I give up the cherished work of making my life conspicuous, my name distinguished, and that I transfer all my efforts and powers to a cause? If I do this, I lose my individuality. My especial power, my peculiar genius are lost in the general power and the universal genius of a cause. I wish the stream of my influence to flow unmixed with other waters. O fool, answers wisdom, do you not know that your life-labour for self-interest will be mean, weak and unworthy? Do you not know that the trickling streamlet, the babbling brook or the fretting river of your influence, if diverted from its seaward flow and turned into an unnatural channel only to make it conspicuous, will but be drunk by the thirsty sands of that Lethæan desert into which, in your blindness, you would have it flow? That blending it with the current of a great cause is the only way to make it enduring?

We may be sure that this is true. No life can lay the smallest claim to goodness or to greatness that does not throw off the hindering fetters of its own selfish ends, and work for something higher. But why should this devotion to a cause make human life happier or more useful than a work that bears directly and solely upon one's own interest? Why can I not live to myself, apart from other men's work. Because our life is wholly a relative one, our current of existence, our place in Society, our usefulness and, in still greater degree, our happiness are determined by our relation to other lives. The law of our social and moral existence is inter-action between all associated human life; and this action to be noble must be useful, to be happy must be unselfish. The best effects that are produced within us come from causes that lie without us. By giving we receive. This is the wise and immutable law under which we find ourselves obliged to act; and to run counter to it is the maddest folly. You and I personally affect the destiny of the age and of the community that we live in. We may, it is true, do only a little, but it is a part of the grand sum total. Our life, just as it is noble or mean, unselfish or selfish, increases or lessens the sum of human happiness; and just as it is strong or weak, active or idle, it advances or hinders the onward march of human progress. To Puritan and to sensualist, to Christian and to Pagan, to worker and to idler, to believer and to doubter, this law of life is the same, which, obeyed, gives its rewards; which, violated, inflicts its penalty.

Now there is no lack of men that admit all this theoretically. But unfortunately, almost every one feels that somehow he can safely be an exception to the rule. The great causes, he persuades himself, that are working out good for Society will move forward without him, and he without them. He has special, not to say selfish, ends in view, for the sake of which he must pursue a special course. He sees how he may make his life great—at least in his own eyes—without the

help of a cause; and he is resolved to stand in the supposed strength of his individuality. Precisely here our proposition takes issue with him. It is a glorious truth, indeed, that now, when the doubtful dawn-light of the early ages is gone and the shining noon-time of the world's day is come, these great movements for the good of Society are working with superb method and with increasing power. Good and true men of every land, of every creed and of every kind of talents are pushing them forward. There are honest doers, not theorists, who are glad to bear these noble burdens, glad to work to such high purpose, glad to take into their lives so mighty an inspiration for good. And so the ultimate, perfect triumph of these causes is certain. The cause can live and do its work without this or that individual; but the individual can not do his work without the cause. Christianity would have been powerful without the fishermen of Galilee; but they would have been nothing without Christianity. The cause is ten-fold more helpful to the individual than the individual is helpful to the cause. For, in just so far as a man devotes himself to a great work or to the establishment of certain great principles, does he become a part of that work or the incarnation of those principles. His life is thus indissolubly joined to good: the success of the cause is his success: its immortal influence his influence.

The powerful inspiration of this principle of unselfishness is illustrated by an incident of Scottish life, which has recently appeared in the moving pages of a great English writer. It is the story of an honest, unpretending Scotchman who worked as a common labourer at Glasgow. But, rude as his lot and humble as his social condition was, there was yet in the man a rugged, but noble notion of duty, an unselfishness of life, a greatness of soul that have lifted him above mere worldly distinctions of rank, and put him among the best benefactors of his race. He was known at Glasgow as the man who had, by his personal efforts and with frequent and great peril to his

own life, saved more than eighty men and women from drowning. He seems in a quiet way to have made it his chief business. But at last, by continued exposure, he lost his sight, and could no longer do his self-appointed, heroic work. He loved, however, the scene of his efforts in behalf of his fellow-creatures, and used often to be found sitting in his blindness on the banks of the Clyde. Once, when he was there, a child fell into the water. His sightless eyes could not perceive it, but his quick ear caught the familiar sounds, and he understood all. His great heart yearned mightily to save the child; but he was blind, and could not alone reach the water. "Fling me in that I may save the lad," he shouted in an agony of heroic passion. But the paralyzed bystanders stood in motionless fear until the sullen, relentless waters closed over the struggling child. Then this great soul burst into a frenzy of passionate grief, grand in its divine purity. Here was a chance to risk his life for the rescue of a fellow-being whom he had never seen, and he had missed it! For this, his blind eyes wept; and an emotion the sublimity of which lies beyond all analysis shook his strong soul. Then was James Lambert, the labourer, transformed into a hero to whom the monarchs of the earth might fitly do reverence. Such is the ennobling, uplifting effect of this life of unselfishness on human character.

But, in spite of the plainness of this truth and of the few sublime evidences of it that adorn and make illustrious every age of history, modern life and modern teaching greatly ignore it. The larger part of Society is feverish with thirst after notoriety. Consider, if you will, the import of the common teaching of the times, and you cannot fail to see this. Life, the cheap rhetoricians and the would-be leaders of to-day tell us, is a battle, a tournament, into which men are to rush single-handed and self-guided to struggle for distinction. Duty plain and simple is become a strange and almost meaningless word. "Be famous" is the popular motto, the watch-word of action. "Ride to distinction on the rattling car of some popu-

lar sensation : give your name to the crowd to be shouted on the hustings : let bellowing guns and martial craze proclaim your successful greatness : consider not the means, only reach the end." This is the tone of modern teaching ; but surely it is wrong and mischievous. " Let your light shine before men," says the Bible, " that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in Heaven." " Let your light shine before men," says the modern creed, " that they, seeing it, may see you." And so the rush-lights and dark lanterns of the weak and misguided are flared in our faces until our eyes ache and our brain is distracted. But, from all this fierce glare, how much glory is, through true manhood, reflected back to the Source of eternal light ? How far is this false light helpful to Society or to the individual ? Is it not rather worse than darkness ?

But, says some one, every man cannot be a sun by day nor a pillar of fire by night in leading these causes. No : but he may, if he have honesty of purpose and strength of effort, become, according to his opportunity, a safety-lamp, a watch-fire or a towering light-house among the rocks and strands that life-boats wreck on.

Let us point the contrast between a life of personal ambition and a life of usefulness, by example. Certainly no man ever contained in him more splendid possibilities, no man was ever higher above the mindless flats of mediocrity than Aaron Burr. He had in him that innate strength, that resistless will-power which dash over all opposition, and sweep on to the accomplishment of their end. Graceful in manner, polished in address, untiring in effort, exhaustless in resource, profound in intellect, and brave in soul, he scorned weakness, and dared the highest heights of unaided human attainment. He dazzled men by his brilliancy, over-rode all partisan rivalry, and rose, in spite of powerful opposition, to the second place in civic honour that this country can give. The great Jefferson himself stood but a shade higher in rank. But all this

Burr did, not for country, not for Society, but for self. Mark, then, how this wonderfully, fearfully endowed life closed. Led on by his insane lust of power and of wordly honour, he at last shocked all the better sentiments of Society, and fell, Lucifer-like, from the lofty summit of his achievement so low that there was "none so poor to do him reverence." He lived to see the splendour of his fame stained with disgrace, to hear his name, which had been a spell of power, hissed in universal execration. In the deep depths of his despair, the starless night of his soul, haunted with the mockery of his fallen self, he pressed his hand to his heaving heart, and felt life's hope go out of him forever. His light was extinguished in black darkness, and his end is shrouded with a pall under which it is a charity not to look. This was a life inspired by personal ambition and having self for its god. How appalling its ruin! Alas for human destiny, that so many Wolseys must learn too late, in the vale of their humiliation, the truths that were taught on the Mount of Olives!

In contrast to this, turn now to the picture of an unselfish, life, lived under the inspiration of a cause. In one of our churches, there is an old man, gray and bent with the work of a long life. Nearly seventy years ago, he began preaching the gospel of the Son of God. He began with great discouragements. He was young, inexperienced and unskilled in the ways of the world. His church was in its weak infancy, and ignorance and prejudice were its powerful enemies. But with steadfast purpose and quiet, manly effort, he entered upon his life-work. Since then, he has passed through the eventful experiences of nearly three quarters of a century's history. He has seen great revolutions in church and in State. He saw and shared in the early struggles of his church for its bare existence: he has seen its noble triumphs in overcoming iniquity and in making righteousness to reign in the earth. He has seen governments and empires rise and rule in power; and he has witnessed their complete overthrow. He has seen

the terrors of war, when millions of men were trampling upon helpless human right: he has lived in the tranquillity of peace, when the battle-field bloomed with the harvest, and good-will prevailed among men. He has endured the sharpest pangs of human woe: he has felt the supreme joys of human happiness. But, through all these changes, his life has been one of matchless symmetry, his work one of perfect progress. Having faithfully done his work, he is now come into the serene twilight of his closing life. All along the road of his career, stand living monuments of the good that he has done. Before him all is peace. And now, crowned with unsought honours, with the echo of Heaven's music breaking on his ear, with the breezes of the spirit-land blowing soft on his brow, with an eye kindling with something of a transfiguration-light as it catches the far-off shimmer of the City beyond, and with the peace of a soul at rest with itself, he stands upon the mountain-top of his grand life-labour, only waiting for the summons, "Come up higher." The influence of such a life is as imperishable as the soul.

In lives like this, lies the strength of Society, the hope of the world. Take, if you will, any of the great principles that are working out good, and you will find its instrumentalities to be these quiet, unselfish workers. This high type of life has given to the world all its great reformers and all its noblest names. After all, it is not so much fighters, conquerors and masters that Society needs as it is earnest teachers, patient learners and honest workers. Nor must we think that these are made martyrs by this unselfish life. For, certainly, no class of the world's citizens live with more satisfaction than they. Not always, nor often, to him that seeks honour and reward for self, do honour and reward come. "Wisdom is justified of her children": the cause takes care of its followers. Their lives are abundantly rewarded, and their memories are grandly kept. For the record of every faithful life, unhistoric though it be, is embalmed in the great living heart of the cause that it worked for.

Here, then, is this life of devotion to a cause, representing every department of noble work in which men can engage. To every honest follower, it offers a high place and a sure reward. But infinitely more than the cause needs the individual, the individual needs the cause. There is no other such inspiration as this life. There is no other field of action that produces such noble fruitage. It is the same truth with which we began. What, now, is it worth to you and to me? If we hold it as a mere theory having no practical bearing on the manner and end of our doing, it is utterly valueless to us. But if, incorporating it into our life, we act under its inspiration and up to its teaching, it is worth everything. For it will make of us useful and noble workers in the best of all work; and so bring us up to the highest plane of human existence. It will make every individual of us a potent activity in the work of the world's moral and intellectual progress and of Society's march to a yet higher and more perfect civilization. It will make our lives akin to the best and truest lives of all ages; and so ally us to all that is grandest in destiny. For, depend upon it, by this kind of life and by it only, can we come into a full realization of the great end for which we were created, and so approach, as near as humanity may, to that one example for all life which began with the birth of the Divine Child at Bethlehem and ended with the ascension of the incarnate Christ.

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

A GERMAN BALLAD FROM UHLAND.

There fared once three students from over the Rhine,
At the inn of a hostess they tarried to dine.

"Dame Hostess! hast thou good beer and wine?
And where is that dear fair daughter of thine?"

"My ale and wine are fresh and clear,
My daughter lies stretched upon death's dark bier."

And when to the door of the chamber they came,
There lay she upon the dread burial frame.

The first, he drew the veil askance,
And gazed on the dead with saddened glance.

"Ah! livedst thou still, thou beautiful maid,
I would love thee from this time forth," he said.

The second laid back the veil again,
And turned him and wept for his sorrow then.

"Alas! that thou liest on death's dark bier,
So well have I loved thee for many a year!"

The third, he lifted the veil off quite,
And tenderly kissed he the mouth so white.

"I loved thee alway, I love thee to-day,
And shall be thy lover forever and aye."

A.

MEMORY.

[About the middle of March, 1875, the subject, "Memory," was given out for an essay. The following production was then handed in, at the last moment, to save the unpsychological composer from a merited zero.]

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"Fugus tempit," quoth we impulsively, but rather incoherently, as our listless glance, wandering from our book, was arrested by the ominous appearance of the calendar on the wall, whose cold, unfeeling numbers showed that to-morrow's sun would rise on the day appointed for the delivery of class essays on that præeminently instructive and important theme, "*Memory.*"

Would that some friendly hand had sent us a timely admonition to "Beware the Ides of March." Just then, however, we felt that we could fully sympathize with Belshazzar of old,

when he read from his palace wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," and, involuntarily,—after the classical allusion above mentioned—our lips found utterance in the poet's strain :

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream."

Then rising with a sorrowful, but determined countenance, we turned from the perusal of the Beecher trial, with the worthy resolve to "act," so that

"To-morrow"
should "Find us farther than to-day."

Fearing the stability of our good intentions, we immediately began to gird up our loins for the conflict. With careful alacrity, we proceeded to divest ourselves of coat, vest, shoes, collar, cuffs, cravat, and suspenders. After thus transforming a corner of the room into an apparent "Gent's Furnishing Store," we encased our body in a well-worn wrapper whose tattered lining exhibited inky evidence of former literary conflicts; whilst our "pedal extremities,"—so to speak—were partially concealed by certain nondescript articles, which our paternal grandfather was accustomed to call his "slippers." We then went on an inspecting tour through the library, and returned, bearing the following books, which we methodically arranged on our table, viz. :

1. Dr. McCosh's "*Intuitions of the Mind*."
2. Rauch's "*Psychology*."
3. Coleridge's "*Aids to Reflection*."
4. "*Reveries of a Bachelor*."
5. "*Memories of Many Men, and Some Women*."
6. Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*."
7. Harper's Trans. to "*Xenophon's Memorabilia*."
8. "*Nassau Lit.*" (1857-1863.)
9. "*Familiar Quotations*."
10. "*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*."

After ordering a gallon of strong tea, we swathed our head in numerous wet towels, and turning the lamp to a literary

brightness, proceeded to find a place on the book laden table, where we might put the paper on which we were to give the "airy nothings" of our brain, a "local habitation and a name." The result you see before you.

First, we sharpened our pencil with minute accuracy, then, after taking a sip of tea, we wrote, with many a flourish, in large, bold, characters :

"Memory."

Then we felt carefully of the small margin of our scalp, projecting from beneath the bands of the towels, and proceeded to thoughtfully scratch it, gazing, meanwhile, very admiringly on what we had written. Then we took another sip of tea, in a vain endeavor to imbibe inspiration with it.

Perhaps it was the recollection of our worthy President's learned exposition of the "Association of Ideas," or may be it was the tea, but for some reason or other as we thought on "Memory," the mind began to turn backward, and, ere long, table, lamp, books, paper, and all the well-known surroundings, began to grow dim and unreal; the pencil dropped from our listless grasp, and ere we were aware, we found ourselves musingly contemplating the scenes of our past life, that floated past our eyes in a sort of phantom panorama,—like the dissolving views of a magic lantern thrown on clouds of smoke.

We first see a little, chubby, fair-faced boy, his long hair brushed back and hanging in tangled curls down upon his shoulders, his round face beaming with a joyful self-importance, every action saying plainer than words: "Look at me." And why? His little legs tell why. No more to be mistaken for a girl, and addressed by that opprobrious term, "Sissy." No! henceforth and forever, "*Bub*." And at the thought, he spreads out his legs like a pair of compasses in true manly style, one hand grasping a sweaty ginger-cake, the other, shyly feeling his chin for the longed-for evidence of real manhood. We smile at this miniature portraiture of ourselves, and think rather incredulously—like the chicken in the picture—"D'd I come out of that?"

The scene changes. The young head is filled with other things than knickerbockers. The chubby fingers have other cares than gingerbread, or prospective whiskers, for they bear, not only his own dogs-eared, well-thumbed, and one-covered primer, but also clutch lovingly another whose neat cover and clean pages are sufficient evidence that no *boy* is its owner. Its fair possessor walks beside him, her gingham apron and "Shaker" bonnet and copper-tipped shoes seeming to his enamoured gaze, far more beautiful than a hundred pair of pants; and his eager eye notes gladly the propitious hue of the little dress, for

"When she'll come, she'll dress in *blue*,
And that's a sign, she'll marry you."

In after years, bright eyes may dart dangerous glances at him, but not like the sparkling beauty which beamed on him from under the homely "Shaker," on his way to school.

We think long and lovingly, yet half-ashamed, on the childish innocence of our *first affection*. But not the *last*. And at the thought, there rises before us, a mazy medley of blue eyes and black eyes, golden hair, brown hair, and black hair, blushing red cheeks and smiling red lips, somehow associated with sleepless nights, and vows of eternal fidelity, fits of moodiness and melancholy, sentimental acrostics, and moonlight ravings, ending with reproaches, and outbursts of tears which washed our young heart clean for another encounter.

Our thoughts, thus running on moonshine, are brought to a focus, by the remembrance of a long summer's tramp, which every clear moonlit night will ever bring to mind. A half-dozen youthful forms, clad in ancient hats, ferocious-looking flannel shirts, dirty pants belted around the waist, and stout shoes, their "tout ensemble" being peculiarly free and easy, trudging sleepily along beneath the mellow radiance of the midnight moon. No one seems astir but them. No light glimmers from out the shutters of the farmhouse windows, but all is silent and dark. Not a sound but the monotonous

croaking of the frogs in a neighboring brook. Now and then a shrill crow of some restless rooster comes echoing loud and clear from a distant farmyard. But the sleepy eyes of the travelers scarce take in the full beauty of the scene, and each succeeding halt grows longer, and each time, with increasing reluctance, they grasp their canes, and drag their sore and weary limbs a few yards onward.

Somehow at the mention of *canes*, we find ourselves half-regretfully considering the joys and sorrows of Fresh. year. We remember with what a sense of shrinking importance, we entered the old chapel for the first time as a *student*. How reverently did we contemplate the Seniors, those embodiments of wisdom and knowledge, and wondered if we too would ever be a Senior. But with what a lingering feeling of delight and pride, did we regard the "fellows of our class." Never had "Old Nassau" ever beheld such a precocious set of youngsters. The honor of such a class must be maintained at any hazard. How like a martyr we felt, as we sat, bareheaded, with disheveled locks and grimy face, on a pile of oyster shells, and beheld that cane, which we had blissfully and reverently handled for a few short moments, *that cane*, torn ruthlessly from our grasp, and waved on high 'mid shouts of Sophomoric exultation.

We remember that our feelings were worked up to such a pitch by this little incident, that we straightway invoked the Muse, and after the expense of much midnight oil, produced the following.

Through Princeton when the sun was low,
All innocently did we go
To "grub" as if we did n't know
We'd soon be rolling rapidly.

But Princeton saw another sight,
When the horns blew at fall of night,
Inspiring all Freshmen to fight
The haughty Soph. right valiantly.

For we are bound to keep our sticks,
And with three cheers for '76,
With quickened step we haste to mix
In this delightful deviltry.

Then yelled the eager Sophs again,
Then every Freshman clutched his cane,
Well pleased to kiss the sphere mundane,
If he might rise victoriously.

And blacker yet those faces must,
On Princeton's streets grow black with dust,
Each one resolved to win, or "bust,"
All of them, rolling rapidly.—

'Tis nine: the circling crowds do cough,
Amid the dust clouds rising off
The dirty Fresh, and dirtier Soph,
Beneath the choking cane-opy.

The combat deepens. On ye swells!
That roll to glory, or clam shells!
Vell! Freshman, wildest of wild yells!
"Our boys" have done right manfully!

Now Freshman with the tattered seat,
Lay thy sore from beneath the sheet,
Wrap the clothes tight around thy feet,
Snore, heedless of the chapel bell.

The recollection of this broke our reverie, and no wonder.
And then, with our mind filled with pleasant memories of the
Past,—none more pleasant than the remembrance of the two-
page essays of Fresh. year,—our lips rëechoed the "Familiar
Quotation" before us:

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time, I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

D.

INCOMPLETENESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

They loved so well,—yet neither
 Would have the other know.
 They met as foes,—yet either
 For love would life forego.

They parted,—and met never
 Save in the dear dream-land.
 They died,—and still as ever
 They do not understand.

M. P. J.

DIRGE.

Weep and sigh, weep and sigh :
 No heart-rest 'neath a pitiless sky,—
 No hand-clasp that we must not leave,
 No soul-web but shall soon unweave :—
 Weep and sigh.

Tears of pain, tears of pain :
 Ripple on ripple of dark winter rain
 Over the pall of a pale winter snow ;
 The rain is promise, the tears are woe ;—
 Tears of pain.

Sleep no more, sleep no more :
 Sleeping is dreaming of long-buried yore.
 Wake and sigh with a cold winter blast
 Of Sorrowful murmuring over the past ;—
 Sleep no more.

Only to die, only to die :
 Down in the earth there is never a sigh ;
 Only a grass-bed cold and rank,
 And the shivering gloom of an endless blank :
 Only to die.

TRICOTRIN.

Voice of the Students.

[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

COMMENCEMENT.

Not many weeks hence, another Commencement day will dawn upon us; that day so unmistakably marked, in the annals of our College world, as one fraught with many pleasures and, sad to say, with many "bores." The last term may be rather a severe one, but, for want of a better, we will apply it to some of the performances on Commencement stage. Now there is no earthly reason why the exercises of this day should not be made so pleasing and interesting as to place them beyond the reach of this disagreeable appellation. The first step towards this would be to abolish the Greek and Latin salutations. We know that some, when they read this, will be fired with indignation at the very idea of doing away with an ancient custom which, in their own estimation, had long been placed in the same category with the laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not. But let us take a common sense view of the matter and throw custom, (not physis), to the dogs. It certainly borders somewhat on the ridiculous for a man to get up and, with parrot-like precision, deliver before an American audience a long speech in Latin or Greek. Such an oration reflects very little credit upon the speaker and is

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[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

COMMENCEMENT.

Not many weeks hence, another Commencement day will dawn upon us; that day so unmistakably marked, in the annals of our College world, as one fraught with many pleasures and, sad to say, with many "bores." The last term may be rather a severe one, but, for want of a better, we will apply it to some of the performances on Commencement stage. Now there is no earthly reason why the exercises of this day should not be made so pleasing and interesting as to place them beyond the reach of this disagreeable appellation. The first step towards this would be to abolish the Greek and Latin salutations. We know that some, when they read this, will be fired with indignation at the very idea of doing away with an ancient custom which, in their own estimation, had long been placed in the same category with the laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not. But let us take a common sense view of the matter and throw custom, (not physic), to the dogs. It certainly borders somewhat on the ridiculous for a man to get up and, with parrot-like precision, deliver before an American audience a long speech in Latin or Greek. Such an oration reflects very little credit upon the speaker and is

far from edifying to the majority of those present. We venture to say that, after the student has finished, the desire of many, if expressed in words, would be "Please to translate." Why then is this custom, which has grown gray in the service and ought long ago to have died, and been buried with other useless customs, why is it still kept alive? Is it intended as an advertisement? If so, it would be infinitely more agreeable simply to announce to the assembled people that Latin and Greek are taught in Princeton College. Perhaps, however, the object is to create in the minds of auditors an intense longing to know something about these ancient languages. If this be the desired end, it is by no means realized, for there is not one, outside of two or three Professors, who has any great desire to probe the mysteries of such speeches, save, perchance, some fair friend of the orator, who, Eve-like, longs to know the hidden meaning of "Pucherrimae Puellae." Let the Greek and Latin salutatories, therefore, be supplanted by English orations, and one grand step will be taken towards making Commencement exercises more interesting. Important, however, as this innovation would prove, a much more needed one would be the adoption of some method by which the proverbially dull and prosy speeches which are delivered at this time might, as far as possible, become a thing of the past. It seems to us that the best way to accomplish this would be by making it a prize contest, as was suggested about a year ago in an editorial of the *LIT.* This would give rise to a spirit of emulation among the orators and would thus, no doubt, spread an intellectual feast of good things before the hearers. The desirability of this change is too obvious to need extended comment, and we would simply say, in conclusion, that, should it be instituted at the next Commencement, there will be sincere rejoicing, and the College year will close with a display of oratory which shall, at least, not dishonor the name of "Old Nassau."

XAN.

A SUGGESTION.

It is a popular notion that a young man's skepticism is, as a would-be wit has put it, "like the chicken-pox, very apt to come, but not dangerous, and soon over, leaving both complexion and constitution as good as ever." There is a modicum—and a modicum only—of truth in this. Many intellectual striplings do doubtless affect a peculiar and heterodox position in matters of Religion, simply to secure conspicuity. Such puerile vanity ought certainly to be met with contempt rather than with encouragement. But it not infrequently happens, much oftener, in fact, than our sage divines and theologians suspect, that a young man of honest purposes is, in all good faith, a skeptic in his relation to religious tenets and creeds. That is to say, he fails to believe, not from an unwillingness, but from an inability to do it. He recognizes and admits, as all honest, thinking men must do, the paramount importance of the problem of our ultimate destiny, to which, indeed, this earthly life is but the preface. But, when he comes to resolve his convictions and conceptions into clearly defined shape, and to choose for better or for worse the one great, all-sufficient inspiration and law of his life-conduct, the problem becomes in truth a grave one. The very multiplicity of the ways and means to the right end that are offered invests the solution with no little difficulty. Light, indeed, streams in from all quarters; but so different is it in degree and kind that it confuses the eye of spiritual vision, and prevents its beholding the Sun. "Have faith," says the religious adviser, "and all will be well." Faith, faith, iterates the uncertain soul to itself—faith, what is it? But the echo goes ringing on through the chambers of the soul; and the hapless doubter—God help him—can get not from education, nor from advice, nor from intuitions, a satisfying answer. It is characteristic of a developing mind to hearken to theory, to adventure the tortuous ways of speculation, to reach out with eager,

longing grasp after knowledge. Now the philosophy and the theology of these latter days run into such infinite ramifications and compass so many antipodal teachings that one can not, if he be thoughtful and serious, quickly assume a position that he intends to hold. True, his reason cannot of itself solve the great questions that stare him in the face and clamour for response. But, until he have tried its utmost powers on them, he is unsatisfied, and not unnaturally so; for he feels that he has failed to exercise that faculty which bears most likeness to the Divine.

"To begin with doubts," says Bacon, "is to end with certainties." We do not go the whole length of this dictum. But it does seem that, in the process of all truth-finding, doubt first awakens interest, interest prompts investigation, and investigation finds truth. There is a vast difference between believing and knowing; and, while it must be granted that the former is the noblest act of intelligence, there are yet certain underlying principles that knowledge must first get hold on and fix firmly as actualities before Faith can upbuild the superstructure of its glorious temple.

The old Greek word *ἀνέτηται* is a very noble one in its primitive significance, and it is a pity to have made its derivative in our language the victim of so much unfair prejudice. Socrates went through all its moods and tenses before he became truth's great believer, teacher and martyr. Surely the individual who doubts honestly, who is involuntarily bearing a great burden of uncertainties, who is groping his way, it may be with great travail of soul, through the mists of speculation and the labyrinth of creeds, deserves sympathy rather than censure. He is not to blame if "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

A friend of the writer's said to him the other day: "Religion is to me the greatest mystery and problem of existence; and I would give my life to *know* how to solve it to my own satisfaction and safety." Now here are genuineness of doubt

and honesty of search after light that are no less noble than pathetic. It is the out-reaching, earnest, though yet unsuccessful, of an immortal nature after that which can satisfy its heaven-given, deathless desires. With such experience and with such lives, let not professed Christians deal too hardly. Let those who themselves have been forgiven be slow to pass harsh judgment in their own minds, still slower to pronounce it. B.

FRAUD IN EXAMINATIONS.

We are glad to see that some one has had the courage to cast the stone at this most abominable practice which has been heretofore rife among us and in all likelihood will be as barefaced in the approaching examinations.

Let the stone be kept rolling till this detestible practice which, under the title of Shenannygagging (fair name for a foul thing) seems to be indulged in without compunction by many otherwise exemplary students, whose "average grade" should be an exponent of at least common honesty—is thoroughly rooted out from among us.

Now in academic halls not a thousand miles from Princeton we have witnessed examinations conducted without even the supervision of a professor, and beside the students we have seen lying the text of the study upon which they were being examined, and yet any one of these men would have scorned to use unfair means to over-top his fellow-workers or even to have saved himself from a condition—to some a palliation of deception—so strong was the tacit yet powerful code of honor, to disobey which was to be ostracized by his associates.

Undoubtedly, this bad habit that prevails among us is due in a great measure to the ruinous principle (?) of making a man's scholarship as represented by his report and his stand-

ing in his class depend on his regular attendance at religious and other exercises, and not on his acquaintance with the prescribed curriculum.

Nevertheless there is a remedy.

To this end we simply suggest that "the powers that be" give this matter their attention, and instead of the miserable, demeaning police arrangements that now characterize our examination halls place every student on his honor, requiring him to write above his signature the simple statement "I have neither received nor given assistance."

To such a pledge as this no high-minded man could possibly object who is accustomed to give his word of honor.

When the text of this shall have been put in practice we will look with more equanimity of temper on the "*prestantissimus moribus*" which adorns the diploma of the new-fledged alumnus.

SPES.

Editorial.

WE TOOK OCCASION to say in the February LIT. that "a never-to-be-forgotten work is moving on in our college," but we had no idea, then, of its extent, nor could we have had of its permanence. There may be some at this writing who are questioning the latter, who are ready to point with the finger of scorn at the first of the new recruits who makes a misstep, who trips or falls out of the ranks. It is certain, if that should occur, that his comrades are not worthy the name, if they do not stop, several of them, place loving arms under the unfortunate one, and carry or lead him, till strength returns, and he treads as firmly as they. But the permanence of a grand work such as this is not to be rendered doubtful by the faltering of a few. In the heat of a battle the question is not asked, "Are there any deserters?" but "Do the columns go forward?" And it is worth while to note the efforts which men are continually making to destroy or ignore the analogy between the seen and the unseen life of a man. The permanence of this work is, we think, established without a doubt. Its first movements were not those which must be liable to reaction, because of the want of enthusiasm which men naturally possess, and to which they do return when special influences have been removed. Nothing that was wild or extravagant has been encouraged; every meeting has been pervaded by a calm, deep feeling, which is indescribable, yet which, we could imagine, would pervade any assemblage met to settle important issues, where men came not to hear, but to think and decide, each

man for himself. Hence there has been little room for reaction, but for growth, rather. In the activity of "the new men" lies the promise and the seal of its permanence. The promise is large, and the seal, sure. Men, in college parlance, "hard," are hard to resist in their loving labors with old friends and associates. Examples cry out and shout where arguments fall unheeded as whispers. The changed lives of many, with their old hilarity, and no trace of the proverbial long, sombre countenance are sermons whose pleasant and powerful effects, like their length, are greater than those of any pulpit appeals.

So the awakening has not deadened the college. On the contrary it has given a new zest to every exercise connected with it. Prayer-meetings are no longer dull, but fervid. In the place of few, long, cold, manufactured prayers, there are many pointed, earnest, brief petitions, from the heart—the heart tells its story quickly, and with little elaboration. Recitation room is a new place; little if any is the intentional noise; whole classes are gathered with one purpose, hence the quiet; men who have eased it for three years and a half are "polling," if it be only for a single term. It may be that the classes will raise the general average in grade so that those who calculated the "85" standard and understand its theory will be obliged to accommodate it to this higher level, by adding to or subtracting from it, as seems to them best. But all revivals are said to accomplish these two ends, the quickening of spiritual interest and the transformation of duty into pleasure. "And," say the incredulous with candor on their part, "if duty is changed to pleasure, you have no need of other pleasure, and what was formerly so called by you must drop out altogether—no revival for us." So the tradition does run, but what basis there is for it in the necessities of the case does not appear. If the tradition be true, Princeton is a notable and healthy exception. The interest in base ball matters, in the gymnasium and training of the nine, in the contests for positions on the crews, in the training for the Spring games, is not a

whit abated, but increased. "Spreads" there are without drinking; and profanity, which, perhaps, is not so much an amusement as a habit, is abandoned. The college billiard tables are not deserted; no college recreation is paralyzed or even impeded. The joy which beams from many a face is such as one seldom sees. The solemn, introverted repression sits on other countenances. Such is the reach of the feeling that every one in the whole college seems to be thinking or endeavoring not to think of the question in its personal bearings.

How did all this begin? Not grandly, not powerfully—it began in a small, in a quiet way. It has been powerfully aided. Rev. Drs. Taylor, Hodge, Cuyler, Paxton and Duryea, and Messrs. Moody and Sankey, at different times have counseled and urged us with all their wisdom and all their eloquence. The impetus which these grand, earnest pulpit orators gave the work was tremendous, but the work had begun before the first of them had uttered a word. It began in the hearts and minds of not more than ten Princeton students, some of them Seniors who were almost despairing at the thought that half their class should go into the world, undecided men. They banded together for prayer and personal work; their own hearts were quickened, their zeal aroused; it manifested itself in the hitherto lifeless prayer-meetings, kindling itself in other hearts. The awakened fervor was the forerunner of an awakening among a few non-prayer-meeting goers, when Dr. Taylor preached and the interest became widespread and deep. But greatly as a few powerful sermons have affected us, much of the pervading, permanent good done must be traced to the strengthening influence of room prayer-meetings, held at different hours, especially in the evening. Twenty friends, more or less, gather in a friend's room—there is no reserve, nothing mechanical, neither is there loud haranguing, but quiet, friendly conversational talks, hearty singing and heartfelt prayers. It seems that the earnestness of a man's personal friends is the most powerful influence which

can be brought to bear upon him, directly or indirectly. In these meetings there is no seeking the praise of men which does creep into and mar the larger and public assemblies. They have been and, we are convinced, will still be fruitful of good to Princeton College.

Why write of this? For two reasons. First, because it is the topic of absorbing interest, the theme in every one's mouth. In the class-room, on the campus, at the gymnasium, among the "constitutional" strollers, it is a subject welcomed and even sought after. And, secondly, because we would let our sister colleges know how the change came upon us—to what methods we resorted and with what success. That many of them are longing for such a work we know; that others do not believe in the excitement, "temporary lunacy," supposed to accompany it, we also know. The symptoms of such lunacy are not present, as we have seen; if they were we would have nothing to say.

We know that to men of deep religious convictions our country was entrusted in its infancy, and by them it was faithfully tended, with the success, of which the first seventy-five years of our history tell. Within the last years no one will deny that we have abandoned their principles, and that the character and aims of the average public officer, from the Senate to the town council, are a sad parody upon the devotion and integrity of the patriots of those early days. How amend it? The cry is for Civil Service Reform, but there is a reform, which, if it were completed, would cast the Civil Service question overboard, a dead issue—a reform in the convictions of the individuals who are to control the government in the next fifty years. Where is this to begin? There is no amount of power in our country anywhere, such as is hidden in her colleges. A reform here means, in time, a radical change in popular sentiment throughout her length and breadth, which means a radical change in the conduct of her government, State and National.

Princeton found man's extremity to be God's opportunity.

[Issue might be taken, and reasonably, with our remarks upon order in recitation, owing to certain disturbances in the Astronomy room. But we think they will hold as to the general order of the class-room at present.

Fellows, whatever that order may now be, be sure that a man's intentions in class-room, whether they be to support or attack the Prof., are taken as a gauge of the validity and depth of his professed intention to "face about."]

OUR CONSCIENCE has been smiting us ever since the Class Day Elections for failing to acknowledge to our class our appreciation of their forbearance and—discernment in giving to the editors of their magazine positions upon that notable day of Commencement week. The good fortune which befell LIT. editors at that election was, *to us*, its noticeable feature. They swept all before them. 'Our Managing Editor,' 'Our Reviewer,' 'Our Olla-Pod. Manufacturer' and, had it not been for 'Our Reviewer,' 'Our Editorialists' were the successful men. Furthermore, we confidently expect 'Our Poet,' whose graceful lyrics have so often lent a relish to the otherwise *prosy* Literary Dept., will be the choice of the Class at the last. Well is it for us that our Class speaks its last words through our mouths, else, most probably, would our mouths not have been opened, except perhaps at the alumni dinner, for any purpose on that important day. For with most of us the college authorities, who give with awful precision the Commencement awards, will not be so forbearing nor so—discerning as to let us represent Princeton in its corporate capacity. Though it will not, probably, be the lot of any of our confreres to welcome strangers gathered from abroad in one of the heathen tongues, nor will it be the lot of editors of the LIT. to bid a lachrymose farewell to loving and loved, but dry-eyed, classmates, at least at the Faculty's offer, yet we did want one parting word after the publication and sale of the June LIT., and it has not been denied us. Thanks, Class-mates!

THE QUIET OF that Class-Day Election was something remarkable. There was nothing communistic, riotous, or lawless in any of its proceedings. The President, as has been customary, did not envelop himself in clouds of calcium carbonate disengaged by the violent contact of gavel with table. Order was its first law. Nominations and remarks were as decorous and undemonstrative as though it had been a congregational meeting sitting upon the call or resignation of a pastor. Whether this was owing to the minute knowledge which our worthy President displayed from the outset with Cushing's Manual, and the incontrovertible decisions which he rendered at every juncture, or whether to the subduing influence of the first realization of the approach of graduation, which suggested emotion and thought too deep for words, we could not decide positively, but incline to the former rather than the latter view.

There was no electioneering for votes, so far as we know, before that election. That which has been the bane of college elections of every kind was thrown aside. As we look back to the elections of former years and classes and call to mind the eagerness with which certain men were possessed towards getting a public position upon Class-day, and the numerous and eccentric friendships which they have been wont to cherish for the space of a few weeks, we are led to palliate the act only in the way in which Bacon is defended from the charge of bribery: "It was common in those days." May it be uncommon hereafter.

Olla-podrida.

On the 13th ult., the First Presbyterian Church, which has been undergoing extensive renovation, was formally reopened. The sermon was delivered by Prof. Cameron, to whose exertions are largely due the many improvements which have been made. He chose as his text, "And I will give you pastors according to my heart which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding," and when it is remembered that Finley, Witherspoon, Burr, Davies and Edwards have been in charge of this congregation, the peculiar fitness of the text is noticeable. The sermon was principally historical and greatly interesting. There is scarcely, if at all, in the country an older congregation or one which can claim a finer record than this, which has lived longer than the nation itself and passed through scenes of the deepest interest and greatest importance.

Apropos of this auspicious opening, it is now a real pleasure to attend this Church, which has long been in need of the improvements now, at last, so happily consummated. Upon entering one is at once struck by the wonderful good-sense which placed the organ, blower and all, immediately behind the minister and in full view of an admiring audience. It isn't so hard on the congregation to have to look at that handsome choir, but it *is* rather rough on the poor blower, (not the parson), who can no longer indulge his favorite tendency to somnolence.

At night the enjoyment becomes absolutely exciting. Those three circles of living gas flash, flutter and seem to vie with each other in their efforts to blind everybody. To those occupying the comfortable seats in the gallery and not wearing blue glasses the effect is grand. Besides, what a delight it is to watch old father Allen take the measure of every one whom he seats. We will wager a peanut that he knows McGinness' dimensions,—cheek and all,—and could fit him with a coffin to-morrow without another look at him.

HISTORICAL.—Besides their regular chapel meetings, the members of the Faculty gather every fortnight at the house of one of their number, to hear the reading of a paper prepared for the occasion and to discuss matters of general college interest.

At a recent gathering of this nature Prof. Cameron read an ably prepared paper on the benefits for which both State and Church are indebted to the College. The reception accorded it was not heartier than its interesting expositions

and careful preparation deserved, and it is to be sent to the Centennial as an able epitome of Princeton's history. We are glad, moreover, to learn that it is to be published. No College in the land has a prouder record than Princeton and none is less forward in making her glories known.

It appears from Prof. Cameron's paper that we have been represented in every department of the Government, except the Department of the Interior, which may, perhaps, account for the poor management which has characterized that Department. Among our graduates have been one President—Madison, two Vice-Presidents—Burr and Dallas, one Chief-Justice, and several Justices of the Supreme Court. We have founded, or been instrumental in the organization of, eighteen Colleges, besides having founded a Law School and the first Medical School established in the country—that at Philadelphia. Of the last Wm. Shippen, class of 1754, was the founder, and John Archer, class of 1760, received the first diploma—the degree being Bachelor of Medicine.

Among other items of minor importance there set forth and not generally known it is mentioned that Thos. Melville, class of 1769, attended that "Tea Party" at Boston and abstracted in his capacious shoes a quantity of that cheering, but not inebriating, article, which is still preserved by his descendants.

Ex-President Maclean has completed his History of the College and, as he was eminently fitted for the work, it promises to be both interesting and valuable. All the works of the Presidents, Professors and Students of Princeton, so far as they can be obtained, will be placed on exhibition at the Centennial.

There are now in College two great-grandsons of Witherspoon, one of Finley and one of Edwards.

The LIT. was first established in 1841, not in 1845, as erroneously reported in the *Bric à Brac*. The mistake was occasioned by neglect to account for the period for which it was suspended during the war. Our first periodical was "The Nassau Gem," which was originated in '39 or '40 and edited anonymously by Judge Nixon. Its appearance occasioned considerable excitement and resulted in the establishment of the LIT. It is related that Geo. H. Boker once sent to the "Gem" a poetical contribution whose excellence aroused the Editor's suspicions, and so fearful was he that it had been stolen from some great poet that he refused to publish it. If College poetry was no better then than it is now we are not surprised at the Editor's doubts.

Judge Elbert Herring, the oldest graduate of an American college, died at his residence in New York on Wednesday, Feb. 16th. Judge Herring was born on the 8th of July 1777, and he was, therefore, nearly ninety-nine years of age at the time of his death. He has been a resident of New York since 1790, and his recollection of that city ran back to Revolutionary times, when the city was in its childhood. He entered Princeton as a Junior in 1793, and graduated with honor in 1795. He was a member of Clio Hall. Dr. John Witherspoon "the sturdy old Presbyterian divine who signed the Declaration of Independence, the descendant of John Knox, and one of the fathers of Presbyterianism in America,"

was at this time President of the college. After graduation he entered the law office of Judge Samuel Jones, N. Y. He was admitted to the Bar in 1799, and after practising law for a few years, he was chosen Judge of the Marine Court in 1805, and also in 1817. The celebrated Charles O'Connor was a student in his office. After serving as Judge of the Court and Register of the county he was appointed the first Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and was at the head of the Indian Bureau for several years. After retiring from this place Judge Herring continued in private life until his death. He took an active part in politics when Hamilton and Burr controlled the fortunes of the State. He was a friend to Hamilton, but Burr he despised. His political friend and co-laborer was DeWitt Clinton, whom he considered to be the greatest man known to his State. When the French General, Moreau, escaped and came to this country in 1802 the Judge formed an intimate acquaintance with him, and together they would go hunting on Long Island. He knew Andrew Jackson well and it is believed that it was from him that he received his first appointment as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. While a resident of Washington he formed an intimate friendship with Daniel Webster, whom he survived nearly a quarter of a century. For the past twenty years he has taken but little interest in public affairs. He lived in the past and when questions of fifty or sixty years ago were brought up he would discuss them with interest. A gratifying compliment was paid to the Judge a few years ago by the visit of the graduates of Princeton to him as the oldest living graduate of any American college. He retained the full vigor of his intellect up to his last days, save that it showed little disposition to grapple with the issues of the day.

We are indebted to the *N. Y. Herald* of Feb. 20th, for many of the above facts.

The death of Judge Herring leaves Judge David K. Este of the class of 1803 as the oldest living Princeton graduate. He resides in Cincinnati.

At present writing the revival has been in progress for four weeks, with flattering results. The interest is just as keen and general as at the first, but is manifested in a different way. As some put it, the Devil is pushed into close quarters and shows more fight than at first. The work so far gives every assurance of being genuine and permanent. All the conversions have been sincere and earnest. There has been no attempt at deception or self-delusion, and there is every reason to believe that the new converts will remain firm in the position which they have taken. Certainly the Christians have every reason to feel encouraged, as there have been over a hundred and fifteen conversions. The increased religious interest during the past month has had a marked effect on the moral tone of the college, both occasional and frequent visitors having remarked how much happier, jollier and more gentlemanly the fellows are now than they were in the past. We never remember seeing the fellows in better spirits and yet freer from rowdiness than now.

Moody and Sankey were here from the 5th to the 7th ult., and won universal approbation. On Saturday evening "posters" were put up stating that they

would hold meetings that evening and on the next day at 3:30 and 7:30 P. M., in the Second Presbyterian Church, doors to be opened an hour before each service. The people began to gather a half and three-quarters of an hour before the doors were opened, so that when the doors were opened a half a church full were waiting admittance. I ull half an hour before the services began the church was filled. Some of the students the first night started one of Mr. Sankey's pieces, which was followed by more, and thus the audience were kept in good humor until Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived. Mr. M.'s address on Saturday night was not so powerful as those of the following day. This was due, as we were informed, to a lack of preparation, and exhaustion, both caused by travelling. However it produced a marked effect upon the audience. On Sunday morning at nine o'clock Mr. Moody addressed the college students in the Chapel on the 3rd chapter of Romans. The discourse was calm and logical, without any attempt to excite emotion, and notably free from anecdote. We confess that we hardly thought Mr. Moody capable of handling such a difficult chapter in such a cool logical manner. He completely dispelled from the mind of all whatever suspicion there might have been that his power lay in his ability to excite the emotions. At 3:30 P. M., a large audience, composed of students, town people and country folk, were assembled to hear the Evangelists. Geo. H. Stuart of Philadelphia announced that Mr. Moody was suffering from a violent attack of sick headache and that he could not be present at that service, but that there was every probability that he would be out in the evening. Mr. Sankey conducted the meeting, and opened with a few remarks. He was followed by Mr. Cree, of Phila., who gave us a short account of the work as it had been carried on in his city during the past two months. He spoke more particularly of the Inquiry meetings and gave many practical hints to Christian workers. He was followed by Mr. Stuart who made some excellent but rather lengthy remarks and an appeal to the unconverted. Though the audience was much disappointed by the absence of Mr. Moody yet it remained attentive throughout. Seven o'clock saw the house again densely packed and half an hour later Mr. Moody and his company took their seats in the pulpit. He took for his text John III. 14, and expounded it as none but Moody could. The audience was held for three-quarters of an hour as by a spell, and whatever doubt it might have had the night before as to Moody's power was dispelled by this masterly effort. At the close of the sermon over one hundred arose for prayers and the Inquiry room was crowded. A meeting for Monday morning at eight o'clock was announced. At this service the house was well filled and Mr. Moody gave a half-hour talk which was excellent. At this service over fifty arose for prayers. Mr. Sankey's singing throughout was good and appreciated by all. "Sowing the seed," "Go bury thy sorrow," "Ninety and nine," "Almost persuaded," and many others were sung by him with marked effect. As we listened to these Evangelists and noted their power over the audience we could not fail to appreciate the immense advantages of what was thirty years ago called in theological polemics "Finneyism," over its rival, "Princeton Theology."

The revival has brought to us many of the Alumni and friends of the college who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the students. On the 15th, Dr. Kempshall of Elizabeth came into a meeting in the Philadelphia rooms. When the meeting was about half over he introduced himself, and by a very appropriate talk won the heart of the students. Next day he was among the fellows enjoying himself and entertaining and benefiting us. In the evening he gave another soul-stirring talk. Seldom has it been our privilege to meet a man who so thoroughly understands student nature and enlists their affections. Though a graduate of twenty-five years and a D.D., yet he seemed as "one of us." We hope he will not forget his parting promise and will be here again soon.

On the 16th, Dr. Henry, '54, of Phila., was with us a few hours. His talk in the prayer meeting was good.

On the 17th, Dr. Paxton of New York preached in the First Presbyterian Church. He had a large audience and, as was expected, he interested it. However his sermon was inferior to many of his former efforts and he failed to hold the attention as we had hoped. He lacks that magnetism,—animal magnetism, if you will,—which is almost necessary to a successful preacher.

On Sunday, the 20th ult., Dr. Duryea, '56, of Brooklyn preached morning and evening in the First church. His morning sermon cannot be praised too highly. It was characterized by simplicity of language, freshness of thought, directness and power. Many have said that it was the most able discourse they had heard for some time. The evening sermon, though excellent, was not handled as nicely as the one in the morning.

Wally Miller, '70, was here for a few days and made himself agreeable to many of the fellows.

Francis Bret Harte delivered his lecture on "The Argonauts of '49" here on the evening of February 15th. The lecture was not characterized by any very distinct logical connection or any depth of thought. But some very graphic pictures of society in California at that day were drawn. They reminded us very much of our first reading of Mark Twain's "Roughing It." But while Mr. Harte placed some very clear images before our minds, he gave us no distinct conception of the whole. Mr. Harte is evidently not a social-scientist; and his account was consequently very superficial. Those of us who went there expecting to see the manners and customs of the western pioneers placed before us were much gratified by the striking and somewhat humorous portraiture which the speaker offered us. But those who went there to get an adequate idea of the undercurrent of popular thought and feeling at that period came away considerably disappointed. Mr. Harte's mind apparently has not the flight of an eagle, far above the mountains gazing down upon all things below; it rather indulges in the playful flirt of the butter-fly over the low field-flowers,—very pretty to look at, but not very impressive.

Another thing we deplored in Mr. Harte's lecture was an undercurrent of bad moral tone. This was not flatly brought out, but still was discernible. Suffice it

to say that his jokes were good,—his lecture was amusing; but it was not instructive.

IN MEMORIAM.—G. WASHINGTON.—On the 22nd of February 1732 a child, whose ancestors happened to be named Washington, was, with great *éclat* and the aid of a physician, born into this world of misery and woe. Because this child was unfortunate enough to grow up and become the Father of a Country which, being, like Horace Greeley, self-made, never knew the need of parents, said country can't forget the condescension. Accordingly, on the 22nd ultimo, which being interpreted is February, gentlemen,—denominated by general sufferance "orators,"—from the various classes appeared and did, with malice prepense, in various ways and from various points of view discuss, treat, maltreat and settle the state of the nation and its statesmen.

The exercises began in the College Chapel, at 11 A. M., with a musical outburst which we failed to recognize, after which Washington's Farewell address and the 15th Amendment were, for some unexplained cause, not read. Constitution Joe failing to respond when called on, Dr. McCosh supplied his place. The Doctor told us, in his usual happy way, that this year was called "Centennial," the day was Washington's natal day and other news. He spoke of American Independence, the Scotch-Irish element in our country and other fresh topics of general interest, when Mr. W. P. Stevenson, of Maryland, appeared in behalf of the School of Science.

He was a dignified young gentleman, glowing, gushing, wise and otherwise. He was neatly attired in blonde hair and button-gaiters and looked well. After tracing the nation's progress from time immemorial up to date he recounted our numerous inventions, land, marine and diabolical. "Steam," he informed us, "has annihilated Time and Space," which assertion destroyed the necessity of Metaphysics and almost moved our instructor in that branch to hot tears. "Knowledge is power," he went on to say, and we expected him to add "The early bird is the thief of time," or something equally novel,—but he didn't. The age was characterized as "extraordinary and progressive," and we were disappointed that he didn't say "more extraordinary than progressive." America was pictured as a grand monument to Republicanism, or some other fellow whose name we didn't catch, but nothing was said of the unfinished obituary testimonial to the defunct George on the banks of the Potomac. The age was further characterized as utilitarian, which caused our metaphysician to regain his composure, and the speaker closed with a grand combination of fact and fancy,—principally the latter,—in which he informed us, amid intense enthusiasm and the wildest cheering, that our ancestors had fought for some precious boon or other through and through the walls of our dear old Alma Mater. The soul-stirring strains of "Hail Columbia" as performed by the band,—a hand-organ in the rear,—quieted the excitement which was fast growing ungovernable, and Mr. S. Allen Harlow, of New York, was announced as the Freshman's representative.

The gentleman was becomingly dressed in a florid face and striped socks, and attracted universal attention on the part of the ladies. He spoke of Mr. Wash-

ington's birth and the bustle usually attendant upon such occasions, and might have referred to him as the sardine whose picture we now see on one dollar bills. The orator disagreed with his predecessor, and declared this an age of degeneracy, which degeneracy he traced to the evil influences of foreign immigration. "Foreigners," he said, "had converted this from a land flowing with milk and honey into one flowing with intoxicating liquors." (Thunders of applause from Constitution Joe and Polly Parker). An ambiguous reference was made to an obscure party named Tweed, or something like it, who had evidently done something to displease the speaker, but what it was we didn't hear. Prize-fighters, gamblers, editors, clergymen and other reprobates are in our Legislatures, "and," said the gentleman with a burst of eloquence and his suspenders, "foreign influence placed them there." (N. B.—When you intend to run for Congress get a Dutchman to nominate you.) The expulsion of the Bible from the Public Schools was also traced to the same cause, but, as foreigners are sufficiently well-bred to take their whisky straight, the gentleman, with appreciative delicacy, neglected to charge the St. Louis frauds to their account. He closed with a stirring appeal to the millions yet unborn to step up and do their duty like men, for which original thought he got three cheers, a tiger, the rocket and the "grins."

The hand-organ next ground out "America" which was enthusiastically received, when Mr. A. W. Dickens, of New York, appeared to orate for the Sophomores. He wore a plain gold ring and a black neck-tie and looked better than usual. After an able exposition of the theory on which our government was founded, ("free drinks to all,"—who pay for them), and his views on said theory, the gentleman proceeded to a strikingly original theme,—the comparison of the old and new schools of statesmen. The announcement of this subject created an immense sensation. His speech was almost too deep for his hearers, but he seemed perfectly at ease. He was brief,—a commendable element in his effort, and closed with effect,—as, indeed, did all.

The band struck up "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," (Alaska Diamond), which was followed by the "Star Spangled Banner," when the Junior representative appeared in the person of Mr. A. E. Rowell, of the District of Columbia. He was appropriately robed in a white pocket handkerchief which showed his magnificent figure to great advantage. His speech was simply excellent, being one of the best pieces of College satire which we remember to have heard. We shall notice but a point or two to which our attention was principally drawn, as we hope that the gentleman will soon speak for himself through the pages of the *LIT.* He cast a slur at America because she would have no dynamite machine to display at the Centennial, but seemed to forget that Princeton mince-meat could accomplish the same purpose as such an institution with greater certainty and in less time. He also chided us with allowing witches and lunatics to run at large, neglecting to notice the surplus of editors who still remain in the country. He said that Washington would fall below the standard of modern statesmanship, which, for a man coming from the nation's capital, is rather a rash assertion. In-

direct reference was made to the little hatchet with which George's father once paddled him, and as the occurrence had escaped our memory, it was refreshing to have it thus vividly recalled. While previous gentlemen seemed undecided about the matter, this speaker predicted general welfare for the future, "for," said he, "magna est veritas et prevailebit though the heavens fall." In closing he paid a glowing tribute to the modern statesman, and suggested as a fitting epitaph for him, "Here *lies* the modern statesman; 'the ruling passion strong in death.'"

The immense applause which followed called forth from the instrument in the rear, "Yankee Doodle," and "Auld Lang Syne," when the Senior Orator, Mr. R. A. Edwards of Illinois, was heard, for he would speak. He was clothed modestly yet withal tastefully, wearing a cut-away coat and a collar-button. He announced on opening that everything had a purpose, which explained, we suppose, his presence there. His effusion was on the "breathes there a man with soul so dead" order, and was noticeable for its remarkable rhetoric. "The people of to-day," he said, "laugh at loyal sentiment, and say 'The 22nd is coming, look out for patriotism.' " The 22nd came, and we looked out. Like the Frenchman passing the canal bridge, we looked in again. Hints were thrown out in reference to the lessons which Washington's life ought to teach us but don't, and some sensible allusions were made to Protection, True Liberty, John Brown and other American institutions, which didn't seem to please the Freshmen and the other children who were present. The speaker closed, like the day, with a gentle decline, and the audience dispersed to dinner and forgetfulness of George.

Thus closed the usually magnificent exercises incident to the return of the American Eagle's holiday. There was much patriotism, yet no one got drunk, and great excitement, though none fainted. Great originality of thought was displayed, as is the custom, and the questions which have vanquished the leaders of the day were successful grappled with and completely conquered. Oh! that Georgie had been born successively every day for a week, so that we could have more of this at once. When we were hungriest the feast was removed, and at the most interesting juncture the eagle gathered up her skirts and left for Philadelphia where she will reappear, on July 4th, with a new and greatly augmented company,—all stars.

MAGIE-McCOSH.—On the 23rd ultimo, Miss Maggie McCosh was married to Dr. David Magie, of New York City. The ceremony was celebrated in the First Presbyterian Church and was performed by Dr. McCosh. The church was filled to overflowing with an audience such as is never seen in Princeton, save at Commencement. A great number of the friends of both bride and groom arrived from New York and Philadelphia during the day, and the occasion was quite an agreeable break in the monotony of Princeton society.

The bride looked even more lovely than usual as she entered upon her father's arm. The groom, who escorted Mrs. McCosh, is a fine, manly-looking gentleman and one highly esteemed by his many friends. Miss Maggie was attended by her sister, Miss Jennie, Miss Lanier, Miss Sloan and Miss Stewart, while

Messrs. Alexander, McCosh, Cass Canfield, DeLancey Nicoll and Davison acted, as Grooms-men. After the ceremony a reception was held at Dr. McCosh's house whither the friends of the newly-made one pressed to offer their congratulations and share the festivities of the occasion.

It being expected that Dr. and Mrs. Magie would leave for New York at 5:10 P. M., the students were out *en masse* to "send them off with a tiger," and, metaphorically speaking, throw after them the traditionary shoe. As, however, they did not appear, the compliment was transferred, for the time being, to the departing visitors on the train. At 8:10 the students were again out, but this time in greater force, to say the late farewell and speak the delayed blessing. They came, not exactly "by torch and trumpet fast arrayed," but with horns and wind bountifully supplied, and gave as hearty a God-speed as ever bridal party was honored with. Both bride and groom appropriately acknowledged the compliment, and "three times three," with suitable tigers and rockets, drowned the puffing and whistling of the locomotive which started them on life's journey. May its course be as happy as its beginning was propitious.

One of the most *recherché* entertainments ever given in Princeton was the Reception given on Friday evening, Feb. 18th, by the Seniors of North Reunion Hall to those of South. Invitations were sent to several gentlemen of the class outside of that entry and, in all, there were twenty-one present. Room No. 6 was used as a reception room and was handsomely fitted up for the occasion. No. 4 was cleared for dancing and was in an elegant condition. The floor was all that could be desired and the music, furnished by Gordon's Sociable Band from Trenton, was without a fault. The following was the order of dancing.

1. *Promenade*.—N. R. Hall.—*Harrington*.
2. *Lancers*.—Newport.—*Knight*.
3. *Waltz*.—Du und Du.—*Johann Strauss*.
4. *Galop*.—Galop Brilliant.—*Ketterer*.
5. *Waltz*.—Les Valses d'un Fou.—*Wagner*.
6. *Lancers*.—La Fille de Mme. Angot.—*Lecocq*.
7. *Waltz*.—Autograph.—*Johann Strauss*.
8. *Galop*.—Reine des Fees.—*De Saar*.
9. *Waltz*.—Giroflé-Girofla.—*Lecocq*.
10. *Lancers*.—La Belle Hélène.—*Offenbach*.
11. *Grand March*.—March de Nuit.—*Gottschalk*.

After the dancing, an elegant supper, furnished by Mrs. Priest, was served in room No. 7. We will not attempt to praise this collation as it deserves but will let the *Menu* speak for itself. Here it is.

SEPENTRION REUNION CHATEAU.

ANCIEN RECEPTION.

MENU.

Les Huitres, sur demi-écaille.

ENTREES.

Sauce Mélange.
Les Pêches Salées.

La Gelée.
Le Céleri.

*Les Plats Froids.**Salade du Poulet.**Les Huitres Salées.**Le Langue froid du Boeuf.*

LES CIGARETTES.

DESSERT.

*Crème Glacé en Forme.**Harlequine.**Bisque.**Vanilla.**Glacé des Citrons.**La Gelée du Vin.**Gâteaux Mélange.**Les Blancs Raisins de Malaga.**Les Amygdales.**Les Raisins sèches au soleil.**Banana.**La Limonade.**Café.*

Coffee and Cigars were served in the Reception Room where the guests sat singing into the "wee sma' hours." The whole entertainment was characterized by a high tone somewhat foreign, we regret to say, to many entertainments hitherto given in college. Dress suits and gentlemanly deportment have not always been *en règle* as they were in this case. We append the list of committees:—

Master of Ceremonies,

Warren Woodward, Pa.

Reception Committee,

R. Edwin Bonner, N. Y.,

Harrington Brown, D. C.

Committee on Finance,

C. du Fief Fowler, D. C.

Committee on Music,

L. Malford Walker, N. J.,

E. Dewis Lyon, N. J.

Committee on Supper,

Spencer Weart, N. J.,

C. du Fief Fowler, D. C.,

S. Barlow Greene, N. Y.

Committee on Invitations.

Spencer Weart, N. J.

Besides these, the following gentlemen were present:—Messrs. Finley, O. B. Brown, F. S. Smith, H. M. Russell, John Hageman, F. Dunning, W. Dunning, J. G. Miller, G. D. Scudder, W. J. Henderson and F. Parker.

On March 28th, the Glee Club will give a concert under the auspices of the Students' Lecture Association. Go.

A well-known graduate of ability and competence recently complimented us on the continued excellence of the LIT. Will morbidly-disposed Juniors and disappointed Seniors please take notice?

We hear that the Senior Final Examination in Latin is to be written. We trust that the report is unfounded.

Prof. Brackett uses a cat-skin in his electrical experiments. If he should ever lose the one he now has, we hope that he will succeed in securing the fur coat of that gigantic feline of the male persuasion who constantly makes night hideous and tabbies happy in the rear of a certain dwelling on Nassau Street.

Will some one be kind enough to regulate the watches of the college servants? No two of them keep the same time, and it is, accordingly, utterly impossible to keep the run of the bell.

The Sophomore medalists in oratory are as follows:

Whig Hall.—A. W. Dickens, N. Y., first, and John B. Wardlaw, Jr., Ga., second.

Clio Hall.—G. S. Munson, N. Y., first, and F. S. Haines, N. J., second.

We want more bath-tubs at the Gymnasium. One of the LIT. editors went to take a bath the other day but was "crowded out." When an editor wants to wash never throw an obstacle in his way, for he will seize on any excuse, however slight, to avoid so unpleasant a duty.

Mr. Boreas, of Alaska, paid us a visit in the middle of last month, and because we were a little slow in letting him in, he knocked nearly all the roof from West College. The tinnors succeeded Mr. Boreas and since then we have heard nothing but rattling, jarring and hammering. If we are missed some morning when the fresh flowers bloom and the golden glistening sun—et cetera, look for us at the bottom of Kosh Pond or under the hydraulic ram.

A Senior was lately requested by the Professor to make up a Greek Testament Recitation which he had missed! Next.

A Sophomore referred to the expression "Get thee behind me, Satan," as "that quotation from Shakespeare, you know."

Micky Boyles and Johnnie Gardner have had a fight. Micky sat on Johnnie, whereupon Johnnie bit Micky, and Micky, hastily arising, bade Johnnie an affectionate farewell and betook himself to the campus, with the Marshal after him. He meandered in and out, through and around the college buildings and finally succeeded in eluding his pursuer by a flank movement of great skill. When last heard from his whereabouts were unknown.

Prof. Alexander recently detected a senior attempting to slip from the room unobserved and sarcastically gave him permission to leave. When the class tauntingly laughed at their fellow's detection the Professor charitably remarked: "Why, gentlemen, no man shall disgrace himself slinking out of the room if I can help him."

We are of the opinion that one of the grandest spectacles of the age is a recitation in chemistry by the Senior class. The unstudied coolness with which we answer "Not Prepared" is unequalled by anything but a Sophomore's cheek or a Freshman's first cane.

That last rebel soldier whom we mentioned in our last number has informed us that he is not open, at present, to proposals. He prefers to wait until leap year is over and then to "effutire questionem" in propria persona.

CONUNDRUM:—Why is the upper lip of a certain fair-haired member of '76 like a well-known constellation?

Because it's a Great *Barc*.

ANOTHER! Why is Barkley's club like a spotless card in the deck?

Because it's a *joker*.

N. B.—This is not a J—O—ke.

At "The Welding," when the Doctor asked the bride "Do you take," &c., and she did not reply, an irrepressible Soph. said he was afraid the Doctor would say, "Well, I'll put the question in another form."

"Slab," when asked by the German Instructor what is sweet in German, replied that he did not know of anything except the girls.

The last holiday of this collegiate year has past.

Dr. Brackett's medical lectures, given weekly in the School of Science, are highly praised by all who attend them. The discourses are intended to furnish friendly and useful suggestions to those about to enter upon the study of medicine, and the Professor manages to get a great deal of instruction into a very short time. His lecture on Chemical Diagnosis, delivered a short time since, was full of sound advice and practical common sense. We advise all to attend this course.

The Seniors have entered upon their course in International Law. Already we have heard numbers say that they prefer the text-book to the lecture system. It is not the office of an Olla-pod. editor to enter upon a discussion of the relative merits of the systems; but we propose the following test. At the end of this term let every Senior who has conscientiously polled consider what he knows most about—International Law or some one of the endless lecture courses. Very few will decide in favor of the latter.

The Senior with the Roman nose has been long seeking for the editor that published him last month. He is requested to call at 21 N. West.

A gentleman of '77 at a well-known club, on entering the room on the morning of Feb. 15th, asked:

"What's the lecture to-night?"

"Bret Harte," was the reply.

"Why," said the Junior, "I thought some one lectured on that last term!"
Tableau! Curtain descends.

A Lit. Editor, while sitting at supper a few nights ago, suddenly exclaimed:

"I have an idea!"

"What is it?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I'll express it on paper," said the scribbler.

"Very well," was the response; "if I can find an idea in the next LIT., I will attribute it to you."

It will not be very safe for that gentleman to send anything in to our journal for publication. He will probably see it in a very conspicuous place—in our waste-basket.

Some signs of an early spring have already appeared; such as the parading of reflective Seminoles through Lover's Lane, the usual nocturnal harmonies in the college campus, the catching of ball down by the gymnasium, the peregrinations of Simpson in search of "scrip," and the wanderings of ragged snobs behind Reunion in search of "nameless nothings."

BASE BALL.—It has been suggested to us that a record of the class nine of '76 would be acceptable to the class. We therefore subjoin a brief one. Some scores, we regret to say, of Fresh and Soph years are not to be found.

GAMES.

Sept. 27, 1872, '76 vs. '75,	10 to 5.
Apr. 30, 1873, " " '74,	19 " 11.
May 13, " " " '73,	3 " 18.
" 14, " " " '74,	10 " 14.
" 30, " " " '74,	16 " 11.
June 25, " " " '74,	11 " 24.
" 7, " " " Lawrenceville,	18 " 17.
" 10, " " " '74,	17 " 18.
" 20, " " " Model School, Trenton,	14 " 28.
Sept. 17, " " " '74,	7 " 12.
" 22, " " " '74,	8 " 9.
Oct. 3, " " " '77,	11 " 2.
" 5, " " " '74,	23 " 8.
May 19, 1874, " " '74,	7 " 4.
" 29, " " " '74,	14 " 15.
June 3, " " " '74,	7 " 10.
Sept. 12, " " " '77,	10 " 7.
" 21, " " " '77,	8 " 10.
Oct. 7, " " " Town Nine,	10 " 8.
" 28, " " " '77,	11 " 9.
" 31, " " " '76, La Fayette,	19 " 11.
June 3, 1875, " " '78,	12 " 4.
" 5, " " " '76, La Fayette,	13 " 1.
" — " " " '78,	24 " 2.
Oct. 19, " " " '79,	25 " 8.
" 20, " " " '78,	12 " 3.

Appended is the separate record of each man now in college who has been, or is, regularly on the nine.

MEN.	GAMES.	I B.	O.	R.	P. O.	A.
Duffield,	22	28	44	45	25	11
Mann,	20	23	50	30	37	37
Walker,	15	18	50	23	44	7
Brown,	18	21	62	24	73	17
Johnson,	22	21	61	35	53	39
Van Lennep,	15	16	41	17	266	3
Kaufman,	10	12	29	12	25	23
Knox,	7	3	24	6	4	1
Bonner,	18	17	49	26	20	30
Russell,	8	6	19	11	13	26
Woods,	16	19	44	26	63	31
Whittlesey,	14	14	42	19	45	15
Greene,	11	10	37	12	17	26
Lowrie,	2	2	7	3	5	5
Biddle,	3	3	10	6	5	5

It was found impossible to give the errors, as some scores do not contain them. It was also deemed desirable to give sum-totals instead of averages which each can make for himself.

Mr. Frank S. Smith '76 kindly entertained his friends on Friday evening, Feb. 10, in his elegant suite of rooms in Reunion Hall, by a fancy masquerade; the guests with a single exception were '76 men, and almost exclusively residents of Reunion Hall. The *entree* of the guests was most amusing, owing to the originality and perfection of the costumes. All nationalities were represented, and for a time a confusion of tongues prevailed.

Among the various costumes we noticed that of Mr. Hagemen, who with hair *a la pompadour* and his Dundreary whiskers, and dress coat which was not all a dress coat, looked extremely well.

Mr. H. Brown represented very well in his inimitable get up, the frequenter of the Mabelle.

Mr. Russell looked admirably in his Florentine wig, and drab quaker coat. It is sadly regretted that the light of the room was so powerful that it eclipsed this gentleman's mustachios, which he positively asserts he wore to match his wig.

Much pity was bestowed by all present upon Mr. Woodward, owing to the choice of his costume; the evening was nearly over before his dress was understood.

Opinion was divided, some maintained that in his penitential black he must represent the church, others insisted that he represented the state, while one man was bold enough to hint, that for want of any thing better, he might typify the Devil.

The difficulty was finally settled by agreeing that this gentleman by his faultless bearing, best represented Goldsmith's "Schoolmaster." This conclusion

was arrived at by a gentleman sitting on the opposite side of the room from Mr. Woodward, fortunately noticing a very unobtrusive collar button peeping from under his scholastic white tie. The artistic merits of this button bore plain evidence that it was made in the stone age, before skilled labor was known, and certain mystic marks on the outer edge, shewed that its historical value was very great, in fact only capable of being understood by men of talent and instructors of the young. It is reported that this gentleman can afford to wear this treasure only occasionally. Its color is red.

Of the other costumes it is unnecessary to particularize, as their accuracy and appropriateness place them above criticism.

Mr. Miller made an excellent master of ceremonies, his foreign accent acquired by his two years sojourn in Italy, studying the antiques in the Barberrini Palace, gave much tone to the affair; he especially amused the musicians, as they recognized their mother tongue. The music was of the first order, furnished by Signors Piccolomini and Franchetti, who were on their way to Philadelphia to complete arrangements for their engagement at the Centennial.

It would be hard to imagine a better host than Mr. Smith proved himself. His guests felt an easiness and freedom which many study to impart, but few accomplish.

After the dancing an excellent supper was in order, the table was very neatly dressed, the choice of edibles shewed great taste. This is the first supper of its kind in college, that we have knowledge of, formed exclusively of gentlemen.

The practicability of giving a strictly gentleman's reception has been frequently entertained in college, but the matter has always ended in dissuasion.

Mr. Smith's entertainment not only broke the ice, but fully and satisfactorily answered this much discussed question. The affair throughout passed off as if in the presence of the fair sex.

Gentlemanliness seemed to be the object of all present, and necessarily a most enjoyable evening was the result. The absence of champagne undoubtedly had much to do with the result, and we hope all succeeding suppers will follow this example.

We are desirous that such entertainments will speedily come in vogue, both on account of the innocent amusement furnished and the great relief obtained amidst arduous college labors.

All those who partook of Mr. Smith's hospitality will remember the event as one of the pleasantest, and as one of the high-water marks of our monotonous college routine.

At the request of those present Mr. Woodward thanked the host, and so ended this most enjoyable entertainment.

FIRE!—On the night of the 27th ult., various individuals, being inspired with the spirit of destructiveness and not having the fear of the Proctor before their eyes, set fire to the work-shed at the new dormitory now in process of erection. As a result the entire college and the Scotch Proctor turned out to witness the

spectacle. The fire might have been easily checked but the Proctor was too good natured to spoil the fun. So he let it burn, much to the gratification of all. Some of the boys were astonished at the recklessness which prompted so dastard an act, but Mither Locherbie was not in the least concerned. In fact he was remarkably cool considering the heat, and stood with his hands in his pockets calmly watching the dancing flames. He allowed nothing to unsettle his nerves or arouse his energies, and when the considerate Sophomores volunteered to advise him he displayed a stoicism not at all in keeping with his reputation.

At an exceedingly polite request to "take a tumble" he merely looked down; when respectfully asked to "skhip the gutther" he only glanced around; when courteously advised to "pull down his vest" he simply gazed up; and upon a sage suggestion to "spit on the fire" he but rolled his eyes all over. He refused to "button up his ulster" when requested, and even so far forgot himself as to decline a friendly admonition to "wipe off his chin." It was utterly impossible to induce him to "tak' his han's out'n his pockets," but he showed signs of disapprobation when familiarly addressed as "Jamie." He wouldn't tell the whereabouts of his "brither Patrick Oofumgeiser," or say "whither he was trying to save a tool or nae." In fact, not even sympathetic suggestions that he had "lost his self-possession" or notice that he might "amend his answer" could influence him to speak loud enough to be heard, and when the questions were put to him "in another form" he displayed the same indifference. This utter lack of appreciation on his part quite wounded the boys, and it was unpleasant for them to reflect that their friendly counsels were so lightly treated. It is but charitable to think that the Proctor was out of sorts—or whisky—and it is hoped that when next his services are needed he may be in better condition to receive the valuable advice and friendly hints of which he was then so unmindful.

For the past few days sleet and snow have been fighting for the mastery and they have had a lively time of it. The sleet brought many down but the snow and consequent moisture laid many up, so that we are inclined to think that "honors are easy."

Charley Ross now wears coat-tails on Sunday.

The Triennial Catalogue under the editorial management of Prof. Cameron, has again made its appearance. It gives what is, as far as possible, a complete list of the officers and students of the college from the time of its foundation up to the present time.

During that time there have been 31 Governors of the State who have, *ex-officio*, been Presidents of the Board of Trustees of the College. The college has had 11 Presidents and 5 Vice-Presidents. There have been 167 Trustees, of whom 134 have died, leaving 33 who are or have been members of the Board. The number of Professors and Tutors is 213.

The whole number of persons enrolled in the college is 5606, of whom 3006 are living at the present time. The whole number of graduates is 4837, and of these 2661 are living. The catalogue contains much more that is of rare interest

but which we need not here notice. The work reflects much credit on its editor who, we know, has spared neither time nor pains to make it all that it should be.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

Whereas, It has pleased God in his inscrutable providence to take from earth our dear friend and class-mate, JAMES SEARS DICKERSON: and,

Whereas, During the years of his college course we recognized in him an intellect of the highest order, joined with stern integrity and a warm heart; and,

Whereas, By his faithful and earnest performance of duty, his manly and courteous dealing with his fellows, and his simple and consistent Christian character, he won for himself our respect and love, therefore

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to the rulings of an all-wise Father, yet we lament, with deep sorrow, the early death of a friend whom we loved and esteemed, and who gave the highest promise of a life of honor and usefulness.

Resolved, That, testifying to his high character, consistent life and true piety, we tender to the family our most heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement, trusting that in their hour of sorrow they will receive consolation from Him who alone can comfort.

Resolved, That a committee of five from the Senior Class attend the funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, the *Newark Daily Advertiser* and *New York Observer*.

C. W. RIKER, Chm'n.

M. A. STARR,

H. R. SCHENCK,

Committee.

Princeton, March 1st, 1876.

Some time during the first term, an effort was made by certain Episcopal students, to organize a Society corresponding to similar church societies at Harvard and Yale. The effort has resulted in the St. Paul Society, which is designed to bring Episcopal students in closer relation and promote the interests of the church. Regular monthly meetings are held in the Sunday School room of the Episcopal church, where short services are conducted and all necessary business transacted.

A course of sermons is to be delivered, under its auspices, by some prominent ministers of New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere. The course will commence Thursday, March 9th, at 7½ p. m., in Trinity Church, and be continued thereafter on successive Thursday evenings at the same hour. Good seats will be provided for all, and as the clergymen are men of distinction, it is hoped that they will meet with full congregations.

The names are as follows:

Thursday, March 9th. Rev. Wm. N. McVickar, Holy Trinity, Phila.

" " 16th, " George F. Seymour, D.D., Gen. Theo. Sem., N. Y.

" " 23d, " Wm. Rudder, D.D., St. Stephens, Phila.

" " 30th, " Edw. A. Washburne, D.D., Calvary, N. Y.

" April, 6th, " John C. Eccleston, D.D., St. John's, Staten Island.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following :—

University Herald, College Sibyl, Miss. University Mag., Cornell Era, Forest and Stream, Niagara Index, Round Table, College Mercury, Yale Record, Courant, Trinity Tablet, Crimson, Advocate, Orient, Athenæum, Oberlin Review, Dartmouth, Harvard Lampoon, Acta Columbiana and Targum.

Owing to the absence of a College Reading Room, the exchanges of the LIT. cannot be given to the college at large, but must be kept in the possession of the Exchange Editor. The Editor, therefore, feels that he is guilty of no impoliteness towards those undergraduates who have never honored him with their friendship, in reminding them that his rooms can scarcely be expected to supply a public want.

The following quotation from a crack literary article in *The Dartmouth*, entitled "Unburnt Bricks," would lead one to believe that the avocations of a Dartmouth student were fully as varied as those of a Cornell Printer's Devil of a candidate for A. M.

"Our brilliant friend, we all know him, who is studying only for success in recitation, who is always ready, sharp and logical, who is thoroughly acquainted with the recitation of to-day and as thoroughly ignorant of that of the day before yesterday, is wasting his energies in profitless toil. When called upon to use his sword he will find it so rusted to the scabbard that it will take the strength of a Hercules to draw it and the skill of a Vulcan to render it fit for use; he has been building of unburnt bricks and their worthlessness is apparent at last."

If a man does happen to recite well, what's the necessity of asking him to tug away at an old rusty cheese knife, and then blackguard him because he does not lay bricks as well as a Dartmouth Editor who is a Senior, and ought to understand more about it?

They advertise very cheaply in *The Dartmouth*. An agent of Fairchild & Co., gave *The Dartmouth* Editor a worn out gold pen, and down goes an advertisement of the whole lot of Fairchild & Co.'s pens. We did think space in *The Dartmouth* never amounted to very much.

We quote a few jokes from *The Trinity Tablet*.

Reason why some men in Jarvis Hall do not pay their TABLET bills: because the gale the other day stripped them of their tin.—What is the difference between a black cloud in a thunder-storm, and a boy who is being thrashed? One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.—A Freshman the other evening ate sixteen waffles for supper, and after he had left the room, the general remark was, "Oh, aint you waffle?"

Only those mighty intellects which are capable of such ineffable wit, could conceive of such rankling sarcasm as the following:

The Princeton students have grown so good that they think that they can dispense with some of the Sunday services, according to the *Nassau Lit.*

The conditions of the *Forest and Stream* Rifle Match are as follows:

1. The prize is to be called the *Forest and Stream* Inter-collegiate Plate.
2. To be shot for by teams of not less than twelve, composed of undergraduates from any regular chartered university or college in the United States.
3. The distance to be 200 and 500 yards; seven shots at each distance, with two sighting shots; position, standing at 200 yards, and at 500 yards, but the head of the man to be towards the target.
4. Weapons, any military rifle, in actual use in the United States Army, or in the National Guard of the State to which the college team belongs.
5. Members of such collegiate teams must have been matriculated in their university or college at least six months prior to the match.
6. The prize to be awarded to the team making the highest score. This prize to be subsequently shot for by the members thereof at such time and place as they shall decide upon, and the prize to be finally awarded and to belong to the member of the winning team making the highest score.
7. The Inter-collegiate Match for the *Forest and Stream* Inter-collegiate Challenge Plate to be shot for at one of the Centennial Matches of the National Rifle Association, and at such time and place as they shall prescribe.

The *University Herald* publishes a list of the Presidents of the United States, and their respective colleges, if any. Nearly two thirds of our country's Presidents have been educated at college.

The seventh volume of the *Crimson* began Feb. 25, and the Editors from '76 have retired from active duty on the paper.

The members of the board recently elected from '78 are: L. L. Eyre, Lawrence Jacob, Charles Moore, A. M. Sherwood, Bayard Tuckerman.

The ownership of the Harvard Boat House has passed from the Harvard Boat Club to the Corporation of the University. The terms which the H. U. B. C. now offer for the use of the Boat House may be seen from the following vote:—

"That this club hereby agrees to pay to the President and Fellows of Harvard College for the use of the H. U. B. C. boat house, ten per cent. per annum in advance on the whole amount to be expended by the Corporation cancelling all claims against the boat-house, and in remodelling and repairing it for the use of the club; and to pay, when due, all charges for the use of water as assessed by the Water Board; and to make such repairs as may be made necessary by the neglect or carelessness of the members of the Club; and that the Treasurer is hereby authorized to make the payments required by this vote."

(Signed)

Attest:

WM. F. WELD, JR., *Pres. H. U. B. C.*

WM. DAVIS, *Acting Secretary.*

We learn from our various exchanges that Trinity, Williams, Brown and Amherst colleges have withdrawn from the next regatta. There will consequently be only nine boats on the lake, instead of thirteen.

PERSONAL.

1768. In the early history of our country there lived a writer of patriotic ballads and Indian lays, named Philip Freneau. At that time he was undoubtedly America's greatest poet.—*Dartmouth* for Feb.

Judge Elbert Herring, one of the earliest Judges of the Marine Court, died Saturday at his home in this City, No. 31 East Twenty-eighth street, aged ninety-nine years. He was born in Stamford, Conn., graduated at Princeton College in 1798, and at once began to study law. Gov. Morgan Lewis appointed him a Judge of the Marine Court in 1805, and Gov. De Witt Clinton reappointed him in 1817. He was also Register of the State from 1812 to 1817. He was the first head of the Indian Department of the United States, Andrew Jackson being President. Retiring from active life in his sixty-fourth year, Judge Herring has had little acquaintance with the younger members of the New York Bar. Nearly all of his associates in the profession have passed away. Charles O'Connor was almost the only lawyer of his acquaintance. He leaves a sister in her eightieth year.—*N. Y. Times*, Feb. 21st.

'53. Rev. John M. Henderson, Rector Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, N. York.

'58. Jas. D. Lippincott, Publisher, Phila.

'53. D. Clinton Blair, Banker in Belvidere, N. J.

'54. Pere L. Wicks, Attorney at Law, York, Pa.

'54. Richard S. Buck, District Attorney of Vicksburg, Miss.

'53. Jas. S. Wright, Banker in Camden, N. J.

'56. Alan P. Smith, Practicing Physician in Baltimore, Md.

'53. Henry Gansevoort, U. S. A., Judge Advocate at Washington.

'53. Edward Spencer, An author residing at Randallstown, Md.

'55. Nevin, Lawyer in Monticello, N. Y.

'63. Chas. Ewing, Lawyer in Decatur, Ill.

'64. Zabriskie, Lawyer in Jersey City.

'68. E. M. Turner, Ex-Tutor, has retired from active life and is enjoying his wealth.

'70. O. Rowland, Episcopal Hospital, Phila.

'75. H. G. Dennison, In the Solicitor General's Office at Washington, D. C.

'70. "Kit." Johnson, Lawyer in Washington, D. C.

'76. "Blondy" Smith, Shaves in No. 5 during the remodelling of his own elegant apartments.

'77. Frank Hartly, Has at last discovered the identity of Mr. Tin Ear.

'78. Palmer, Has commenced the study of law in Baltimore, Md.

'78. Johnson, Delighting the Calumets by his inimitable personations of the Counsellor.

'78. Barricklo, Has become the Joe Coburn of North Reunion.

'76. We are sorry to announce the death of a former prominent member of '76—Mr. Dickerson.